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COUSIN JOSEPH'S HAPPIEST NEW YEAR

MR. JOSEPH NEWTON paused before ringing the doorbell and looked about him. To come back to one's home after fifteen years is an experience for any one to think over, and he found himself looking for familiar objects. "Is Mr. Shaw at home?" he inquired of the young girl who answered his ring.

"No; he was called away early this morning to see his sick brother," said the girl. She looked like a rosy country maiden, though her face was delicate and her form slight. "I think he will be back this afternoon," she added. "I wanted to see him on business," said Mr. Newton. "and I think I will wait for him. I understood that the Newton family had some sort of reunion today, and I expected him to be here."

"Yes; they always have a family gathering on New Year's day," explained the girl. "but I persuaded auntie that Bob and I could manage for one day. Bob's only thirteen, but he's good help for a boy. I am Mrs. Shaw's niece and have been visiting here for



"THAT DOES SEEM MEAN," ASSENTED MR. NEWTON.

a week. Please take a chair in the parlor, for I must hurry back to the kitchen."

"Let me help you," said Mr. Newton, following her to the kitchen, where Bob was washing sweet potatoes. "How many do you expect?" asked the man, larding gravy over the fowls that were turning a lovely brown in the big oven.

"Oh, they all will be here except their brother Joseph, who lives in the city, and he never honors the gatherings with his presence," said Tory.

"Why doesn't he come, or is he the black sheep of the family who isn't invited?" asked Mr. Newton.

"You wouldn't think he was the black sheep if you could hear the family talk about him," said the girl scornfully. "It's all 'Brother Joseph' and 'Cousin Joseph' till I'm sick of the very name. They think because he went to the city and got rich that he's the most wonderful person that ever lived."

"Where?" said Mr. Newton, enjoying the little country girl exceedingly. "Maybe he is wonderful. Did you ever see him?"

"He never comes out here," said Tory, providing her guest with a sharp knife and a pan of potatoes as soon as he rose from his knees by the oven. "He must be a regular skinflint or he wouldn't act the way he does. Why, they say he has more money than he knows what to do with, and his brother's little girl is suffering for the right kind of medical treatment. The doctor says that if her limb could have the proper care she might have the use of it again, but her parents won't accept charity."

"That does seem mean," agreed Mr. Newton, "but perhaps he doesn't know about these things."

"There they come!" cried Bob, dropping his sweet potatoes and rushing out to help Cousin Charity out of the old surrey driven by her brother. "I'd rather put away horses any day than putter around in the kitchen."

"This is a gentleman who came to see uncle," said Tory when Cousin Charity had limped into the sitting room and was established by the fire. "He's been helping Bob and me in the kitchen. Now you just sit still, for your rheumatism will be worse if you try to walk around. We'll get along all right."

"I must have forgotten to tell you my name," said Mr. Newton. "If you uncle shouldn't get back this afternoon you may tell him James Bradford wanted to see him."

"Very well, Mr. Bradford; you may look after the turkeys once more, and then we will set the tables."

"If Brother Joseph could just be here today the family gathering would be complete," said Mrs. Randall as she helped with the table setting. "He is so busy and has so much on his mind that it's unreasonable to expect such

a thing, but I do wish we could see him."

"Well, if he knew what he misses I'll venture to say he'd be here, no matter how much business he has on hand," said Tory, surveying the long table with pride. "The idea of missing a dinner like this for a few dollars!"

"My brother lives in Chicago, Mr. Bradford," explained Mrs. Randall, "and he never has been home since he left the farm. He has made a fortune and is one of the prominent business men of the city, so he has little time for visiting. This is his picture taken some months before he went away." And Mrs. Newton found herself gazing at a boy who seemed all hands and feet, while his head was painfully held in place by a stiff collar and the high back of the chair in which he was seated.

Dinner was served promptly at 12, and during the long meal Joseph Newton had the unusual experience of hearing his praises sung by his relatives. He dished up quarts of gravy, cut piles of bread, supplied hungry boys and girls with turkey and chicken, obeyed Tory's numerous directions as well as he could and in every way made himself useful.

"You don't want any outsiders at the table," he said, following Tory's example. "I will help Miss Tory so that you all can be together."

"All but Brother Joseph," said several voices at once, and all looked at the place religiously kept vacant at the table for the absent member.

"I'm going to sit right down here in Brother Joseph's place," declared Mr. Newton when at last he and Tory had a chance to sit down for refreshments and rest their tired feet. "I don't care if it is the seat of the devil."

During the dishwashing Mr. Newton enjoyed to the utmost the conversation of the young girl and joyfully dismissed Bob so that he might draw her out without being bothered by the boy's many questions and complaints. "Why have I never met such a girl before?" he said over and over, only to remember that the few girls he had met during his money making career were society belles. "I'd like to educate her," he concluded when the dish-towels had been hung on the line and the kitchen put in order. "With an education she might develop into a very bright woman."

"Now, you must go into the sitting room," said Tory briskly. "I have some work to do upstairs and must get rid of my pinafore for something more appropriate to this joyful occasion. I promised to play for them after awhile."

From the outcry five minutes later in the parlor Tory guessed what was going on, so she leisurely dressed and sat down by the window to look across the wide white fields. Her uncle and aunt drove into the yard and made their way to the house. Into the midst of her thoughts came her aunt's voice calling "Tory, Tory," and she slowly rose to go downstairs.

"This is Brother Joseph?" cried three voices at once before Tory reached the sitting room. "We forgot all about you in the excitement. Isn't it wonderful we didn't recognize him?"

"He thinks you're about fifteen. Tory, and wants to educate you," put in the irrepressible Bob, with a broad grin on his freckled face. "He thinks you're awful smart."

From his dusky corner Joseph Newton advanced to meet the young lady in the simple white frock with her dark hair wound round her head in the latest fashion. Her dress was simplicity itself, but there was the unmistakable stamp of fashion upon it, and from the crown of her head to the tip of her dainty shoes the city man recognized the city maiden.

"You are Miss Victoria Stoddard, and I had the pleasure of taking you out to dinner last Friday evening," he said smilingly. "I think I made some remark about the young women of today in comparison with their grandmothers which you resented, did I not? I am ready to apologize humbly and say that all my ideas of life have suffered a revolution during the past twelve hours. I thank you very much for your suggestions this morning and shall carry them out to the letter as well as some of my own."

"We are all to stay for supper, so that Brother Joseph's place will not be vacant today," said Mrs. Randall. "There is plenty of food, and we can manage very well."

"Did you know who he was all the time?" asked Bob, with wide open eyes. "I guess girls are some account after all."

"Of course I did," said Miss Stoddard.

"Robert, listen to me," said Mr. Newton solemnly. "You have yet many things to learn if you have not discovered the superiority of the ladies over common, ordinary men. I have finished the first page of the primer of instruction today in that important branch and shall expect my teacher to carry on the good work when we are back in the city once more."

"I don't know who your teacher is, but you'd better get Tory to help you with your lessons. She's a dandy when it comes to hard problems. Why, Tory's been to Europe and graduated from I don't know how many schools. When she comes out here she says she just likes—"

"Shake hands on it, Miss Victoria," said Mr. Newton as Victoria frowned in vain at her young relative. "I feel better now since we are in the same boat. Brother Joseph will have to take a back seat while Cousin Tory is receiving her bouquets. And now for our song."—Hilda Richmond in Forward.

A NEW YEAR'S RESOLVE.

Oh, the first of the year's too cold, I fear,
For the cause of a true reform.
'Twere better to wait for a later date
When things are a bit more warm.

The trouble that lies in the way of the wise
Who'd leave bad habits behind,
Their virtuous snuff is frozen stiff
By the chill of the winter's wind.

The good intent of the righteous bent
Is nipped by the frosty air,
And the news turned leaf soon comes to grief
And withers beyond repair.

Old Janus bold, with his blasts so cold,
Bites deep on the virtuous nose;
Reform is lost in the awful frost
That comes with the month of snows.

'Twere better by much to await the touch
Of a genial May day sun
For putting on ice your favorite vice,
With which you at last are done.

For the tenderest flower in Nature's bower
That time can never evolve
Is a sturdy oak, and that's no joke,
Compared to a good resolve.

And that is why, with the new year by,
To my vicious ways I cling,
And contra bands mores go
Till the warmer days of spring.
—John Kendrick Bangs in Harper's Weekly.

THE WASSAIL BOWL

FROM time immemorial beverages, hot or cold, have been deemed indispensable to the proper sending off of the old year and the welcome of the new. So long as these are innocuous, well and good, but the wise man drinks "with harness on his throat." This our good old Dutch forbears did not always do.

While the famous wassail of song and story was always served hot, the contents of the punch bowl, holly wreathed, were ice cold.

For this famous old drink no recipe is better than the ancient one, which is given in the exact words of



THE WASSAIL BOWL WAS ELABORATE OF CONCOCTION AND HIGHLY SPICED.

the original: Simmer a small quantity of the following spices in a teacupful of water—viz: Cardamoms, cloves, nutmeg, mace, ginger, cinnamon and coriander. When done put the spice to two, four or six bottles of port, sherry or madeira, with one pound and a half of fine loaf sugar (powdered) to four bottles, and set all on the fire in a clean, bright saucepan.

Meanwhile have the yolks of twelve and the whites of six eggs well whisked up in it. Then when the spiced and sugared wine is a little warm take out one teacupful, and so on for three or four cups, after which, when it boils, add the whole of the remainder, pouring it in gradually and stirring it in briskly, so as to froth it. The moment a fine froth is obtained toss in twelve fine soft roasted apples and send it up hot. Spice for each bottle of wine: Ten grains of mace, forty-six grains of cloves, thirty-seven of cardamoms, twenty-eight grains of cinnamon, twelve grains of nutmeg, forty-eight grains of ginger, forty-nine grains of coriander seeds.

TIME.

Time is like a fashionable host
That slightly shakes his parting
guest by the hand
And with his arms outstretched,
as he would fly,
Grasps in the newcomer. Wel-
come ever smiles,
And farewell goes out sighing.
—Shakespeare.

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